

**EARTH CHANGES**  
**Spirit Pages**  
**MESSAGEBOARD**  
**2008**  
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**THEN, AND NOW**

TODAY, I FIND, SO MUCH, thoughts of  
the foundational, or geo-physical,  
dimension of the physical cosmos, take  
such great priority, in my mind...  
managing, and keeping my footing, on the  
earth beneath my feet, is just the  
number one concern, I seem to face. So,  
sometimes, I can take great comfort,  
from the natural world. Knowing the

constancy, of the regular seasonal cycles, keeping tuned into ones inner psyche, this allows, for one to maintain the connections, with the interior lands, of this planet. We have such a tumultuous world in which to live... how can we hold fast, onto the footing, which we in truth, are so much about... this really does tie in, pretty surely, to the managing of my mind... there has to be a surety and oneness, with the natural world... I mean, this is just really a top priority, for myself. So, when I find myself, again and again, pulled far afield, in thought, from this, the natural cosmos, my inner psyche, sometimes, feels so, seemingly compromised, by the world as it is, as I am a being of metaphor, and

color. Sometimes, I do struggle, in trying to make all of the pieces fit together, to form the 'solid ground' I always try to step upon. I have just reviewed my writings, from 1997-1998. I suffered quite a setback, in the winter of '97... early '98, in having a serious suicide attempt. But I always find the good in things. This was, in actuality, such a great new beginning, for myself, as I entirely left behind me, the difficult struggles, I found in the early to mid 1990s. Although I still faced obstacles, my life was now freed from the painful agitation, and searching, I went through, in the previous ten years. This allowed me, to begin to pursue my hearts desire, to write, and record my piano playing,

thus making a life for myself.  
This example was written in the latter  
part of '98, as I began to unfold my  
mind... through some revision, it reads  
allright:

From me to you these words form...  
From now expressive quietude  
they disperse.  
Sensing life, and Spirit,  
and forming expressions  
of something, within,  
shimmering rays of awareness  
enliven your self,  
your gestures, suddenly being,  
signifying actions, and consciousness.  
What your eyes communicate to me!  
Your aura, a radiant juxtaposition

of time and space, now forms an ocean,  
and with mine, two oceans,  
nearly apparent realities  
that seem to flow out of  
our collective visions.

Our minds, at once, attuned within and  
without,  
seem somehow to deepen exponentially,  
and, forming a lively, tangible force,  
allow us both to participate in magic,  
love, and blissful rapport.

## **BOUNDARIES**

WHEN I GO TO DIVINE, A MOMENT,  
it's not hard to see, if there's any  
language, beneath surface of my mind, or  
not. When there seems to be words,

which will come... then, one has his or her keys, to the art, or way, of looking within, which he has chosen. So a person is looking, within him or herself... without the flow, and process, of ones art, looking within, is yet ongoing... it just isn't really documented. So, I have such joyful, associations, with my writing. For maybe, I'm of a mind, in time, to grow... might I be starting, a new project... you can see, this is so important, to myself. Well, while perhaps, a distancing, from projects of the past, the essence, of such writing, as this, is still, just my way. This writing, art, music, is experimental... today is just a distinctly different day, from yesterday... might some new phrasing,

come out? Or might I arrange, this writing, along perhaps less iconoclastic, or just exuberant, lines... the rush of language, is perhaps more of a closely considered process. Or, maybe, might I find from within myself, already, in this particular writing... semblances, of the peculiar presence, and economy, I sure found, in my earlier writing... and perhaps this is what I see. So, these process relationships, are what then, is looked at, while writing. Discernments, in the process, of writing... and then this, is what is seen. However, I have grown, so since then, my headspace, or environment, is different. I'm willing, to evolve. So, then might I know, that sometimes just progressing, moving on, is

a process, like any other... time, then, is the key ingredient. Inner experiences, range the spectrum... yet, the mind's a finite, environment... some medicine thought, might be to consider, the boundaries, of the mind... you can see, sometimes, a sense, of a subterranean environment... curved, or rounded roof, sides, and bottom... it might be, dimensionally, similar, to a cave, at times... so then, there's a good feeling, of coolness, or, perhaps, enclosures, give a feeling of comfort... while being 'out in the open,' wouldn't, always.

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Whenever new writing arises, from the



mists of my mind, I may find, as an impetus, or stimulus for writing, those occasions of life, when I feel overwhelmed, or underwhelmed, or as my mind, becomes clouded, or distorted, by passage of time, in light of ones poetic, or associative perceptions. I may feel, then, as if I need to find healthier definition, for my self, than if I just accepted, those cards I have been dealt. People have various reasons for writing, another might react differently, in different ways... but, myself, I guess, it's this submerged, distracted, or disoriented condition, that I most commonly am led to write from. This can be a discernment... using only the available light, to see, where I'm at,

emotionally, and psychically. Recently I posted on the topic of 'IT and ET.' I have written at other times, about paranormal, or esoteric, semblances... I have gleaned, from other writers, that people, in discussing these topics, in the print or film media, have often had difficult struggles, as they have then made their way, in the world of paranormal literature, while navigating, the waters of their lives, on the wings, of such strange visitors, and those writings. It's just a truth, that ET and otherworldly phenomena, as they are found in ones life, seem to describe, a broad intellectual realm, which is pretty much intrinsically, anomalous... a writers experiences in living, may follow along

extraordinary, leanings... strange, freakish, or coincidental happenings... a writer, may get the sense, that heartache follows him or her around... I think, that its important to be discerning, however, in seeing that *angels tend to show up, when they are needed*. So much, the worldview of such a one, as given, can seem, to be imposing itself upon the writer... distorting, and stretching out of the norm, what may be an otherwise strong mind, into areas, where he or she wouldn't go, ordinarily. But the scrutiny I possess, shows me, a better way of seeing this. The journeys, of a writers life, can be so many, across many years of development... he or she may, in fact, have been traumatized,

physically... sexually... emotionally... as a young person; he copes for years, in isolation, following some or another life experience, which has left him or her with a heartache, or inner pain, or restlessness, or cravings, or agitation, or imbalance. What I have found, then, is that there is a healing ministry, a real higher power, which has definitely, been the prominent feature, across just years of my development... why, then would one such as myself, have been touched, by angelic messengers, if I had never had a real need. We all were young once, we all had times of puberty, or adolescence, most people have had to experiment, in some ways. One may also be a 'slow learner,' or get hung up, at one or

another stage of life... then as  
conscience, begins to dawn, in the  
person, he then, basically, has to find  
better ways, and modes, or face being  
left behind, entirely. So, then, this may  
be, when the journey of adulthood can  
really begin... ones leanings, toward  
order, meaning, and growth; the  
questing, after a real reason to live. And,  
in years leading up to this time, and all  
thru, he or she learns, gradually, the  
ways of forgiveness... how he may  
henceforth associate stories, and works,  
of poetic nature, and the imagistic  
diversions, and colorful esoteric  
metaphors, and just all of his or her  
personal relevancies... altered states,  
and alternative consciousness, to be

found culturally, or sub-culturally, being a part of this... He sees, then, these are most closely associated, with the healing schools of thought, those works, which seem to provide clear handholds, up and out of, pathological habits, or responses.

So, as a more enlightened, way comes forth, he or she becomes able to make more insightful judgments, and connections, about all of the times of his life. And, if he or she begins to lean towards an ascetic, or streamlined, or purer path, discipline, or practice, as writer, or musician, or amateur photographer, or printmaker, or just whatever, then he can reasonably, find a great sort of redemption, and perspective, in the modes of the

esoteric, or paranormal... and then as this surfaces, off and on in ones life, he or she will have found a language, with which to speak of anomalous, or phenomenal places in the mind, psyche, or imagination, with which a person can then see, in retrospect, he has struggled, or has experienced, for better or for worse, across all of his years. So, this sort of writing happens, and life, as it always will, still happens... the kinds of things, one wouldn't ever choose, still will co-exist, albeit differently, on the same planet. Fate and circumstance, still can seem to occasionally lord it over, logic, order, and reason. So, I have found, that no one is really immune, from the time, in which

he or she finds himself or herself. So, I'm always trying to, distance myself, or find diversion, or distractions, away, from the bonds with this present time in Earths history. I want, to lose myself, in the moments... in the good parts, of living... music, can be sensual, gripping, or compelling... if that's what it takes, to show me a pure feeling, of oneness, or a better sense of myself, than the passage of time can really show me... since, we all read the news, from week to week... headlines are shocking, today, or then they aren't really considered newsworthy. Rare and seldom seen are those stories which really excite the spirit... or show one the potential, for good, which living, I believe, entails.



## TELESCOPES, AND THE MIND

FROM MY RECENT ARTICLE, 'Gaining Perspective,' the following paragraph, is essentially, the most thorough, and I feel, insightful, segment, from the overall article.: '...So our magnetic field and the suns are intricately woven, or meshed into one looping, symbiotic fabric. This, then, is the underlying framework of subspace reality which binds all the local planets and life with the sun, our moon and other nearby stars, and forms a small extension of the galactic subspace fields. It's no wonder our relative inner experience changes

from day to day, as the underlying fabric is continuously surging and ebbing and flowing, and influencing our senses and predispositions.'

When I grasped this, earlier today, in reviewing this writing, I re-read, and re-read this to myself, several times. So, perhaps, you also, can see, as I can. This, I feel, has so very much, relevance, to living today, because, it is so frequently seen, that astro-physical phenomena, shape our inner realms... maybe much more so, I feel, than we may be ready to admit. So, some time ago, I recognised this pertinance of astrology... however, I am able to glean, as much, or more, from astronomy, alone. Because, for those people, who do not really change

much, from day to day, of themselves alone, then, those really 'shaping' phenomena, within themselves, are just as usually, those current phenomena, which 'break the surface,' in the astronomy community, or those, which may or may not make it to PBS (Public Broadcasting System.) So, I think, for those who struggle, with a 'writers mind,' or 'artists mind,' and find broad, and sometimes extreme, energy fluctuations, or otherwise, 'mood swings,' or cope, with how, to understand, and then, modulate ones inner energy, then astronomy writing, is my intuitive answer. I do think, the astronomies, and astrologies, of a day, have so much bearing, on the individual.

So, do you see, astronomy, sometimes, can be factored in, to our minds eye... I figure, if I knew enough, about our solar system, and the neighboring stars, planets, and extrasolar objects, and events, within the local group, and nearby galaxy space, then I could really grasp, the origins, or sources, of phenomena, I sometimes can face.

Also of interest then, from this article, are these words below:

*'Other energies which may influence life on earth:*

Gigantic boulders and smaller rocks and more conspicuous comets are continually coursing throughout the heavens, snaking and twisting thru the larger stellar bodies' magnetic fields. Countless

loops and slingshots are continually  
accelerating and transforming...  
morphing the trajectories of just  
countless interstellar objects, some local  
to our solar system, and other  
tremendous boulders and fast-moving  
bodies and ejecta rising and falling up  
out of the galactic stew.'

So, oft enough, I will forget, about the  
varied astro-physical phenomena, and  
the sometimes complex and profound  
ways, they have impacted myself, as the  
weeks and months, merge into a tapestry  
of years. I tend to look, more at the  
human factors, of the world as a whole,  
before I gradually recollect, the much  
broader, panopoly, and undfoldment, of  
cosmologic cycles, and phenomena.

~

Whenever I feel like writing, then I do so. It matters little, whether or not there is anything in particular on my mind... but it can be a sense of changing times, so much, which forms the mystery, I will write from. The reader, might have already been capable, of gleaning this, of these writings. So, starting a flow of words, onto the page, I can feel, the progressing, of my writers mind, the writers dance, coming into being, as word choice possibilities, come to the fore. It only needs my awareness, of the flow of moments, joined with my command of the written

language symbols, I use, onto the page, and another presence, is born. So, this is, to myself, the way I have chosen... whatever practice, or discipline I'm calling it, whether it be sketching, or piano, or writing, or even scrapbooking... A mode, thru which a person can engage with, or participate in, the progressing moments. If the practice is being recorded, or placed on lasting media, then one brings his or her fluency, or adeptness to bear... i.e. being a writer, is easier... more immediate, or direct, if I have command over a keyboard. So, gradually, I realised, that art will imitate life, and the living experience... when the artist is experienced, at his or her practice. The early days, of a career,

might just not be as well adapted... emotionally, speaking, but I think, the artist may find those projects, are really better... there's something, to be said for mastering ones craft, but the mystery, and magic, of the process itself, might not be as pronounced... living is awesome, and magic, to a younger person... finding endless facination, in the art of verbalising, children are often prone to being talkative... but this may recede, with adulthood. So, and this figures right into, the art of looking within... I know, myself... I'm pretty experienced, at being me... this is what it takes, to look at ones craft, objectively. But it's really in the process, of creating, when I learn



what's beneath the surface, of my mind.

This is the dance, or presence, I find, thru my practice. Wouldn't a person, if he could see, evidence of his future, do

this? See what I mean? It requires putting something, onto the page... such is the way, I can get a clear image, of a lasting way... and importantly, I can have input, or interface... have conversation, amongst a clear, lasting project. Oh, so... the ways people, take the language, for granted... or heap baggage, onto one or another language symbol... Is one laying snares, for himself... or is he or she only

peering over the cloudcover? Seeing fartherer? Well, the way I see it, those artistic merits, or accomplishments, on the page, form a set of clear markers, or

handholds... by which one participates, in a range of natures, or super-natures... is the time, more pronounced, today, or less... what stands out... past, present, or future? So, where does it hurt? So, to me, the messages, I get, from my prime media experience... when the topic, is in any way about, or speaking of, climate change... in a dramatic, or drastic way...

then, you can be sure, that once I separate truth from fiction, I will begin writing, or recording, more frequently.

Because, then, you see, these sensibilities, within my solar plexus, come forward; this is where I find my sense of earth energy flows, and fluxuations. And, this is not, a really bad feeling... for thoughts, of planet earth...

the natural universe, well, one is truly at ease, or home... this is my home planet, perhaps, or I connect, in my mind, the earth and heavens, with a vast sense of mystery, or majesty. For, it is upon a cosmic timescale, where the planets and stars and nebulae dwell. The spaces of time involved, the looms thru which we weave... the combs, yarns, or threads are millions of times longer, than the day to day earth-time experience... night and day. Or a year. Yet, here we are, upon Earth. A living planet... maybe not Aarakis, from Herbert's Dune, but a far more magical, wondrous living reality... in the vast Now. So, through our powerful interstellar sensors, such as telescopes, radio telescopes, probes and

satellites... we can gain an appreciation, of the ages, of our system, and the surrounding universe. So, it is upon this sensory palate, of markers and handholds, that we become aware of such an effect as climate change, or systemic fluctuations, in Sol, nearby quasars, and other recent cosmic happenings, and the many finite characteristics, of the perceivable electromagnetic heavens.

## **SEA, SHORE, AND SKY**

THE PHYSICAL SELF, HAS AN ASTRAL COUNTERPART. Ones ideas of the self, are found, within the physical form...

Ones mind, describes a sphere... ones environment, say, a room... subtle feelings are present, within the spaces, of the room. But the self concept, is definitely most connected, where the conscious mind, and neurons, are perceived, within the subtle musculature, of the psyche. Within my self, there is an intricate nervous system. So, now, at the outset, of writing, my self concept, is most apparent, around my diaphragm, above my belly... breathing, is created, by the action of my diaphragm, pulling upward, into my chest area. There's a good connection, betwixt ones breathing, and his or her most pronounced, sense of self. So, in the now, my mind seems to

reside most with, or rest upon, my breath control... the muscles, involved in breathing. This may be, the sense, of my respiratory system as a whole... up, from my abdomen, following along my bronchial pathway, out thru my nose, and mouth. This is why, meditation practices, are usually centered, upon the breath... and breathing. Where else, is there such a sense, of personal identity, for the breath is where ones conscious being, intersects the subconscious, or autonomic, nervous system. This, then, is the mind-body connection, the place, where the ocean, meets the dry land, and the sky. This is a metaphor, for conscious mind... as I begin to write, my inner awareness descends, somewhat, to

the level of my breathing, hemmed in, by  
the lapping waves, of my sub-psyche.

And now, I become receptive, to the  
subtleties, of my mind, and language. I

simply observe, my breathing... in  
amongst, my other conscious reaches.

One doesn't have to exert, in order to  
breathe. It's happening, like a process,  
in the background, or foreground, of my

awareness. I feel, as though, I don't  
even have to exert, in pressing keys on  
my keyboard... perhaps, my mind, has

merged, with the music in my  
headphones... and I'm a dancing light, in

the center, of my mind. I'm a sprite,  
turning, and turning, at the heart, of my

being. Thoughts, will arise, from  
anywhere, within... they rise, break the

surface, of my awareness... ideas, are like, the faintest, tiniest bubbles, which rise to the surface... generated, perhaps, by a subtle energy, as it moves, over and around my astral body. Thoughts, always have subconscious origins. It is through grace, that one creates... and he or she depends, directly upon the work of thought prayer, for ever seeing beyond, the self. Just so many, kinds of thoughts, will occur to myself... it may be someone elses answer, which solves my dilemma; or mine, anothers. Almost everything, seen in the mind, is in the balance, of perception. If there's one basic tenet of the mind, it is, this mighty power, of perception. We, as people, are often at the mercy, of our perceptions,



or that of the prevailing group. I think, that this is precisely why, we are so fond of beverages such as coffee. For, a hot, caffeinated drink, can change a mind, giving one willpower, to climb the next hill, even as signs, seem discouraging. And, most writers, use coffee, as a sacrament... one steps, into an essay, in the same sweeping motion, as he or she drinks a cup of coffee. And, this forms, the highlight of my day... settling down, to the very place, where the sea, meets the shore, and sky. This line, or threshold, as one is prioritised, around writing, occupies the whole of his or her awareness... this is really the mineaturization, and magnification, of all thought, and feeling, into one elesyial

ground... the place, I guess, the climber knows, where all ongoing, and discomfort fades entirely away, breaking through, the wall, of all subconscious doubts, and other processes... full of transcendence, just like reaching a place, above the cloudcover. So, this is the place, the artist goes, to get away. Turn around, and your painting, or essay, is nearly finished. Bliss, has been regained. So, now... my computer mind, takes over, and I begin seeing, my larger picture. How, will I perceive, this writing, when it has been integrated, amongst the others... and, how will the overall picture be improved? It's all so related... so interconnected... the power of perceptions... self-perception can shape,

everything else. So, one would to, practice tantric meditation, amongst his or her being; this, then, is recorded, through writing... the window, on to the mind, and perceptions... the thought experience, expressed, through time.

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In the following article, I'll try to demonstrate, the premise that I've settled upon, in particular, that stream-of-consciousness art, music, and poetry forms a basis for understanding of ones own heart. Through stream-of-consciousness writing, one also comes to perceive many, many non-personal, or collective themes, and ideas, illustrating

the inter-connectedness of all life upon Earth, and within the heavens. These are predominately parapsychological perspectives, but are closely tied in to the artist experience as a whole, especially the writers inner life, and discernment and divination of ones now, through writing.

Whenever new writing arises, from the mists of my mind, and spirit, I usually don't see it, unless it's input, onto media, like this web page, because it's the lasting characteristics, of my writing, thru which I am, finally able to evoke a discernment. I key the words in, as rapidly as I can, to grasp, the feeling within, and beneath the flows. Because, this is something, so ephemeral... at

times, it can seem like words don't come as readily... so I await, my first opportunity, for writing. Often, I like to return, my mind to a blissful state... I cross patches of time, where I'm not really comfortable... or too generally distracted, to see very far, beneath surface, of my mind. So, one really has to be sensitive, to the encompassing spirits... this may seem to be an ether... these aires, within which inhabit my thoughts. Now I know, that words are coming fairly gracefully... so I do expect more, will follow... and, will rise, to the surface of my consciousness.

I hope, thru writing, that I can somehow convey, to the reader, the truly dizzying way, the mind has, of crawling, over first

one corner, of my artists mind, then another. Do I imbue these words, with an immediacy, and vibrancy... or do I express a more of a translucent, or luminous place? Things like this shape, this writing... I am continually looking out, for new writing... I capture it onto the page, as surely, as I can. *Science fiction*, is really the way to look at all of these works, in fact... *science*, as something reasonably exact, and *fiction*, for something that never happened. One can see, my words drawn, so much, from the kind of mythic, or otherworldly, places of such writers as Frank Herbert, Issac Asimov, or Robert A. Heinlein. Surely, I must realize, that the energy in my works, is a close parallell, to those

of such writers as these.

I often resource cosmic topics, and themes... our solar system, and the other nearby reaches of our Milky Way galaxy.

We dwell, within the fabric, of space-time. Within this matrix, are the stars, planets, planetoids, asteroids, just all moving objects, in our system. I would love, to have a real-time computer feed, or readout, for information, regarding the local stellar environment... our own sun, included. I can see myself, sitting at my computer, monitoring the spectroscopic, electromagnetic, and other signs, in real-time, given off by all the planets in our system, our sun, and the local stars, along with their astrological subtext, as an means for

interpretation, and each and every other interstellar object, and event, within one light year, (a measure of distance) from Earth, like asteroids, or quasars, pulsars, and other energy releases.

You have probably read articles, in the past few months, and years, about the sun... there is some mystery, as to why there have recently been climate changes, within the atmospheric planets, in our solar system.

This might be caused, by the electromagnetic radiation sent our way, by recent stellar events, like quasars, nearby in the galaxy. And, I do believe, that fluctuations within the energy signatures, thrown off by our sun, planets, and nearby events, (which forms



the more masculine features, of the local space,) are always more predominately perceived, within the areas, of the solar plexus... is the term here used in the same way? So, we have the transponder, within our own hearts, for perceiving this data... when we can find the clues, that complete our puzzles. So... this fabric, of culture, here within Earths biosphere... perhaps, ones lower torso, conveys the broader energy fluctuations, of whatever prevalent phenomena, is ordering the days, in the now.

So, as I write these words, to you, tonight, there is a willingness, of my mind, to write. I wonder, how will the *theoretical* coming climate changes, and

uncertainty pertaining to this, be seen, in the weeks and months ahead. How, can I discern, subtleties, of meaning, during these times of change... how can I internalise, this information. This is my primary question, tonight, as I struggle, to find structure, to this article. I have to wonder, could there be a kind of a neurosis, at play, in the scientific community, pertaining to climate factors... aren't we only perceiving, that which we want to perceive? Or are our researchers only seeing, as pertains to this, the phenomena, which would suggest sudden climate change? I know, I'll begin to have a great amount of patience, in separating our planet's ongoing climate changes... (the

biosphere, and atmosphere, of our Earth, is a perpetual engine of change...) and these feelings, (as the information about this, sifts inward, to our conscious minds...) and the local stellar environment, including quasars and other phenomena, and especially, information pertaining to our star, the sun, and our planets moon, and nearby electromagnetic environs.

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When a person goes about, to look beneath the surfaces, of his or her mind, he is looking upon past, present, and future, and lightly stepping onto the page, aware of the present tempo, of his

or her mind... is the moment gradually unfolding onto the page... or is there a more of a pronounced and steady energy flow... rays of light coming from ones fingertips? Is there a stability, and breadth, to the now? If so, then such writing, seems to have a permanence, or to be reasonably well grounded.

So, the warmth, of the temperature in the room, for myself, is evocative, of a time of more settled nature. It is as if, my mind area, is embracing myself... I often, feel so alienated, by my own mind. But still, other times, there's more of a solidity, to my mind, within my space. And, especially, I find this tempo, of the mind, the flow of moments included... I seem to be enfolded, within a shrine of

years... more than weeks, or months.  
(these parcels of time, I feel intuitively,  
mostly thru the aid, of my ears... tuning  
into the ethos, of whatever music I'm  
hearing... the space, within the notes...  
and behind the sounds.) And it's little  
wonder, as my published works, in  
general, have, I think, a timeless  
quality... for I create all this, to last,  
over just years and years.

If I question, one part of my writing,  
over another, I then am given insight, in  
one form or another, as to how best, it  
should be seen. Or otherwise, I'll revise,  
or amend, one or another part of my all,  
to resolve greater congruency, within  
myself. And remembering such sci-fi  
classics as I have read, and seeing the

fanciful qualities of my own works,  
always points the way, to clearer  
weather.

And, when everything seems to be in  
place, or expressing a higher, or more  
transcendent order, then I feel as if  
I've had a successful writing session. So,  
I have cobbled together, fashioned from  
disparate elements, a cohesive article.  
So, I forward it to yourself, I hope you  
enjoy it.

## **A SPRINGTIME SAMPLER**

AS ONE GOES ABOUT, TO WRITE, he  
or she will, be looking back, upon recent  
writings... recent expressions. I think,  
one of the main latencies, or attributes,

of the human psyche, lies within the integrating, and consideration, of recent, complex information, into an expression, formed of this present moment, *the now...* in the light, or consideration, of relevant, recent past phenomena. The mind, as it becomes written, onto the page, like I am doing now, shows itself to be, essentially, an organism, which is both self aware, and self controlled, in the bringing to light of the present now.

So, ones mind, then, is an organic computer, capable of making, complex decisions, based upon, the preservation of the integrity, of that self same mind, and in consideration also, of the integrity of the surroundings, within which it dwells. So, computers, are

everywhere, as one writes. Ones self, is a computer, where ones language usage, becomes the digital medium, or less or more, or on or off, or left or right, or hot or cold, or even somewhere in between, like a vibe, being, formulations, of a simple 'yea' or 'nay' duad. The culture, about, is shown to be computational, and sentient, in language surface apparancies. So, this then, is the land, which one steps into, as one begins to write. I guess, any skill, which may be mastered, allows for similar, variance, of inter-flexibility, and controls... so, like an gray area, at times; other times reveal, strong feelings, and great certitude, in virtually everything. Perhaps, then, the real gain, or



evolvment, lies in ones ability, to be more or less patient, in sifting, thru surface apparancies, as desire, and greed, for a range of expressive symbols, from todays pallate, are filtered, or weeded out. So, gradually, one might arrive, upon a properly translucent, or luminous, expression pallate, but, surely, the main skill lies in the discerning, of ways, and the knowing, or knowledge, that goes way beyond, or allows release from, cravings, and desire. So, managing ones distances... or being considerate, of those about... a writer, wants to be led by only the subtlest, of perceptual acuity... and he or she, should know, that one wants to say, only that which he or she really does want to say...

nothing more. So... today's writing... does it honor, the spirits of the land, and all that which has gone before... is one's mirror clean, and clear, or is one generating an accurate image... these things are important. So, knowing, these things, intrinsically, it becomes important, to be one's self... to use, the God-given intelligence, he or she has, the avoidance of, ritual portrayals... instead, resume the dance, the dances of life.

~

When one decides, to peer beneath the surfaces, of his or her mind, he may, feel entirely at ease, within his or her self. So, some writings are crafted, from

out of a bliss, or from the sense, of hoping to capture a moment... to preserve, inner joy, onto the page, in an interesting way. (Where one hopes, that his or her inner vision, carries across, onto the media.) But I write like this, very infrequently. The main sense, isn't really, a sense, at all. No, most commonly, I will write, when my inner psyche, is so tumultuous, and chaotic... so seemingly foreboding... I am really then, trying to set forth a handhold... to find common ground. Sometimes, I create, in order to bring into better focus, a future, in line with , or delved from, my continuum... my dream continuum, as I find within art, music, poetry... these things, I shape, onto media... the

principal evidence, I bring forth, of my own spirit, and enthusiasm. Because, future, can at times, seem so murky, or difficult to find. (I at times, struggle, with gloom, or doubts... excesses of nervous energy.) So, I will enter, the stream of thought currents... like one might put a boat, into water... the current may be profound, or strong...(I might can sense the strength of the current, by the intensity, of the experience, within, in the hours leading up to when I actually do write.) I will find myself, a distance, downstream... this doesn't necessarily require effort. Hereupon, I ponder... the meandering current, this continuum... maybe, a better metaphor, rests in that of an

ocean... a more or less expansive field...  
one doesn't need to go far from shore...  
before he or she begins to see,  
possibilities are limitless. A few miles  
out, and one finds oneself surrounded by  
water... from horizon to horizon... put  
the anchor down, or you'll drift, and find  
a current, like the Gulf Stream, and be  
carried for miles. Set the sails, and  
manage the rudder, you can follow a  
course, within this great sphere of  
possibilities. Ocean currents, these  
snaking, twisting streams of momentum,  
are like desert highways... one can go  
with the flow... lack of wind, needn't  
imply stasis. So, metaphors, often can be  
useful, in describing a variety of inner  
phases. Finding perspective, can mean so

much. To me, this is really all, I ever need... for getting, a handle, on my life, and ways. So much like just, finding a little distance, between, ones self, and ones ways... it's really, the ways, or the words upon the page where I find, most of my stressors. I have found, that we can, place our internal stressors, onto the page, and work, then, on a very basic level, to readily see, and manipulate, ideas, and forms, on the external medium. I guess, it is still, a pretty relative thing, but, I just like to find some evidences, of that which forms the internal stressors, within my life... words, letters, are all little energy hyper-links... little packages, or quanta of energy... so, seeing how they inter-

blend, and inter-relate, and corroborate... on the page, and too, what is the overall meaning, at one or another time, this helps, me to feel as if I've devolved, some of the mystery, which at times seems over-dominating. So, this is such an affirmation, of human dignity... ways, I find handholds, and stepping stones, in crossing the distances, in my life. And, in looking back upon, recent writing, or music... I always, have to find perspective, or distance. For, my mind, wants to over-focus, upon any recent documents, from my within... or whether or not, I am overly hard, upon myself... at any rate, it can take 3 or 4 months, before, one really, can see, what he or she has written... I often get such,

distortion, and noise, within my mind, as I try and grapple, with recent creations. So, when I can see beyond, myself... see from an unbiased perspective, or from a placid, and mature, point of view... this is

usually a reassuring proof, of what is actually on the page. I always struggle, with my own bio-feedback, or the organic, kinds of weaving, and over-layerings, the twists and turns, which make up a simple article of writing.

Times, always interpolate... a single article, might contain weeks, and months, of particulars, and relationships. See? These things, are always present, it's really, just the articulating, the expressing of them, which can let me see, that with which I just always,



struggle. Seems so obvious, in some ways... maybe, it's just this sphere, which seems so commonplace, or obvious, which forms lights unspoken vernacular, or the domain, which comes with the turf, of living... and one can find a great sort of empowerment, as he or she references, this otherwise unspoken, or commonplace land.

~

Sometimes, I wonder, what I might say, if I should *compose*, my thoughts. This is the way I feel at the present... an bringing together, of the perspectives, and ideas, of a week, or more. 'I have found time, for writing... managed, and

been able to complete, these thoughts...

this essay, is engaging, and holds interest... it is in keeping with, some or another definite pattern, or rhythm... so now, I can see, that which my thoughts contain. I think a person, some times more than others, likes to see, or hear, another persons survey, or summation, of his or her present moment. As I myself become stronger, in my mind, I may lean back towards, the looking at past times, for stimulation... but some days, I grasp, for what insights are to be found... today, from the mind of another. This serves to confirm, and help crystallise, my own thinking. The larger questions, I have found, (answers, sometimes come only by writing... ) are

just beyond, my physical reach. It so often seems, as if, I must venture, a bit, in a given direction, and look at the ranges of thoughts, branching away, from the larger branch... look outward, toward the twigs, the leaves, of what ever tangent, of my mind, I am examining. But one usually wants to venture, from the stability, of visible footing... when poetry, is the goal. I wonder sometimes, just how much adventure, to incorporate into, this or another article... do I reach for concepts, within my personal space... only... and turn aside from known problem questions, or do I try, to somehow, generate, from within the pressing of keys, on my typewriter... this

dance... a brand new topography... or, in just what direction, do I shine my light? Towards, the heavens, the magical, the mystical, or wonderous... or look, downward, to my feet... looking only about my immediate inner lands. During times of mystery, or where the unknowns, seem to reach out forever, I will often, be more expressively dance-centered... so looking into the two sides, of everything... top... bottom... there must, really be a knowing, that it is only, as uncertainty arises, that the magical, twists and turns of the forest, become more readily observable. So, while, I am always, a bit, inclined into these regions... as I write, I think, that it is largely, or much more relevant... *to this*

present day... to find, those comfortable zones, where ranges, are well known... where one feels at ease. So, you may only find, me entertaining, the vast, or profound, reaches, of my conscious mind, as you may have seen, in this messageboard, recently, only very occasionally, or infrequently. I suppose, that as recent news, about changing climate signals... in particular, the vast appeal, of recent stories, of ice shelves melting away from the poles, and dissapating, outward into what seems to be, warmer waters, now... these stories, and this information, tend to give me, a bit of a narrower footing... I mean, I really just don't know, how we shall fare, 50, or 75 years into our future... or how

we'll have to compensate, compete for, and accomodate our perhaps changing planet. Of course, also, there is a knowledge, people have, of the cyclic nature of all that is... on the basic level, things want to return, to follow a previously followed circuit, and cycle back around. So, I really don't trouble myself, overly, with going this over in my mind... I guess, my information, at the present, is rather narrow... although, of a surety, our sensors, have improved, and extended, into the fringes, the very edges, of our ecosystems... as we see, human impact, into forests, or wetlands, then, naturally, we look to the fringes, to see, if we have gained or lost. But the edges, the outlines, of an ecology, are

always morphing... I guess inherently variable... and researchers, only human. So, I tell myself, these things, because, I need some certainty, of constants... I need to know... some things will never change. Things tend, once started, to remain in motion. Like, gives like. When something good happens, then, other good things can happen. So, I guess some things will stay the same, regardless, of what configuration, the ecologies assume. And probably, the constant, which comes to mind more so, even than these, is the persistence of adaptation.

And this is a uniquely living trait... animals, are probably better, or best at adapting, to changing climes. And also, should ranges of temperature, or

atmosphere, cause some species to die out, then this would leave room, for new, perhaps previously unknown organisms, to come to be... those adapted, to enduring, the new ranges. So, there is really, a wide vocabulary, of thoughts, which are accessible, as one starts to look, back into the within... the known cyclic patterns... and regular rhythms, and constants, of living. *Knowing the stable footing... ones regular turf... and tending to stick to it... this can, allow the accordant, stability, about ones self, which one prefers.*

~

As one goes about, to write, thoughts



will begin to arise, from the threshold, of quietude, which enfolds the ears, like two conch shells. With soothing music, about, this allows, the sometimes tumultuous, easily-distracted conscious mind, to reside, as it is, between, or amongst, the audio signals. The mind has been tamed. (This is what I think of, as a compartmentalising, of the mind... the parcing it down, into distinct processes... like multi-tasking.) And, this threshold, of quiet... simply, as it were, the border line, of conscious perception, or sense... beyond which rests, the deep, the still, the tranquil... this may help, one to illumne, or divine, the truer picture, of that within which we are always enfolded... the stillness of the depths of

the ocean... that is the mind. I was visiting my family, earlier today. As we voiced feelings, across a dinner table, I found discontent, or maybe dismay, at the dismal, realms, of thought, formed, by some or another recent divination. I think, this were the thoughts, around the topic, of the eco-centric, or earth-centric spheres... those things, ways, of un-binding, the lower psyche, from itself... of awakening, of the internal Gaia... the innermost land, I have learned, to alternately, adore, and fear. I thought, how a useful panacea, to the dense, or the non-spiritual, or the earthy, or biotic, or animistic, or the merely fleshly, or organic, realms, might simply be, the thoughts, around the idea,

that we always, work, or live, or thrive better, as we have some limitations, unto ourselves. So, I perceived, just how true the thing is... people always work best within limitations. And I see, here, that I know better, than to think, we can ever really thrive, while experiencing pain, or suffering. I believe, that we must, of course, transcend these elements, to really create, or freely express. Physical or psychic discomfort, pretty much nullifies, the creative energies. However, I am able to see, that some difficult physical trait, or another, affects most people... so many of us, are flawed in some way or ways... I think, we are able, to completely transcend, any and all flaws... within

limits, or boundaries... (of a canvas, for instance,) our bodies and minds, are but instruments... we don't have to be perfect in every way... to succeed in life. The body, is but a vessel... a temple. On the contrary, we may do best, we might *really learn the ways of penetrative perception*, only when, we know, that some obstacles, or boundaries, are there. I think this is brought out all through the Christianity... how, physical limitations, such as those some know, can be transformed into just phenomenal, worldly, or even spiritual accomplishments. Looking back, to the latter part of the 1800s, now... we see a world, awed at the *incredible challenges*, emerging from quantum physics... the

basic natures, of reality, began to shed her eons old, garments of superstition, and ignorance... yet, it was from this period, that the awesome accomplishments, of Theosophy, also, began to be penned... delved from, a vast world, of Eastern thought and tradition, brought into the the living room, of the Western student. (Theosophical literature, still to this day, forms an important part, of most prison libraries... the humanistic affirmation that we can indeed change, ourselves... and thru the study of truth-speaking, and God, we can better our station.) We see how, we dealt with racial divides... segregated society, in the 1930s, and '40s, yet we managed to defeat Hitler, and the

atrocities of Nazism. We see now, we have had such a dependency on fossil fuels... yet we have put men on the Moon. We see also, the ravages, of substance abuse, and mental illness, which in many ways sum up, the post-Vietnam war years... yet it was this generation, who partly, had the foresight, and insight, which led to the internet. We see, now, a handicapped man, yet we see such a brilliant mind, as Stephen Hawking. So, and as a handicapped, disabled, or elderly person, who cannot fulfill ambitions, otherwise, finds a rich rewarding life, thru writing, or painting, and really narrows down, then, to some skill he or she can fully master, then this thesis is borne out, into this present.

We can succeed, within limitations.  
Limitations, to the soul of man, can be  
equated, in a sense, to a *willingness to  
overcome*, to master any challenge. At  
any rate, I have found comfort, today,  
both at perceiving, the line, formed  
where the vast stillness, of the spaces  
of my mind, are met, by our conscious  
inner ongoing... and perhaps, finding  
release, in letting the stillness just be...  
and from the thoughts, of excellence,  
within limits. And herein, then, I  
forward this to you, and trust, you might  
can perceive, the meanings within my  
words, tonight.

~

Writing from the within, I readily become aware, of the great affirmation, and self acceptance, of the stream-of-consciousness medium. As I wish, I might simply interact, with this vast, morphing organism, of culture... the interior realms, from which arise, my thoughts. I first looked within... and became awakened... to this, the place of colors, auras, and supra-cosmic sounds, in my early maturity. Shortly thereafter, I was simply approached, gradually at first, and then more fully, by the 'whisperers,' those of tangible form... and energy... the far and away, memories of ancient sentiment... the shy and nocturnal beingnesses, of the netherworld. Seeing, then, a crux, of



being, I became gradually enlightened, and still am, being... to ever more subtle spheres, of life... finding then, these streamlined divinations, I now know, to be the medium, thru which the heart finds expression. This has led to a quiet knowing, about my life... I find it is courageously contagious... I have found, my share of acceptance. Within the mind, there are few limits. Having the strength of will, to acknowledge, this realm, while entertaining what thoughts might come, onto the page, is such a gift.

My apprehension, of the enfolding moment, becomes so immediate, and dynamic, as I write. This... the web of life, existant, all about, as one peruses his or her now... this then, is the first

primacy... the sole root, the initial  
impetus, for all of ones conscious  
interaction. One speaks, from a sense of  
awe and humility... and from a wonder, at  
the immensity... and possibility... of the  
within... and writing, originates there,  
too. The possibilities, of a land of  
endless, flowing, textural, sensory  
communion, the lightness and enthuse....  
are certain impetus, for creation... How,  
can I have let time pass... without  
writing, while knowing, the magical, the  
wonderous splendors, of antiquity...  
reside... just beneath, the surfaces, of  
each and every moment. So, I am not, at  
a loss, as to my wonder and amazement,  
at regarding, my mind. Tonight, perhaps  
more, than before, I am so very

conscious, of possible courses, I might take, upon the page. As my fingers move over my keyboard, there seems to be a radiency, from the whole ease, of writing. And, when would I not want to concern myself, with writing, seeing and feeling my ken, at every symbol placed upon the page, today. Perhaps, this present moment, upon Earth, is more supplanted, by possibilities, than others have been. Or, maybe, I am coming into my own. Or maybe, either. But at any rate, I am glad to be writing these words, now... So I wish to harmonise, the lights, I perceive tonight. So I write. As I am led thru this article, I am sensing, the growing congruency, amongst my inner aspects. Often times, the ways

minds inter-mingle, one might feel the leaning, to perhaps write words, from a less than first-person perspective. But instead, I chart my course, against the backdrop of stars themselves, so I don't divert, from the straight course. To really write, necessitates the entire spectrum, of consciousness. My perceptions, of a sort of distanced heaviness, or uncertainty, 'out there,' which lend to my writings, an fluorescent nature, tonight... these become blended, into the order and methods, of the art of writing. For, some areas of thought, seem more sound, than others. So, I keep my eyes on the mountains in the distance... lest they spring, into effluence within my heart. So, if this is

an excess, of language usage, I have to blame it on the certitude, which comes from having, much to lose. For, my feelings, are not, at all ecstatic... kind of underwhelmed, in negotiating, this present word, is more like it. Well, at any rate, I have sought to express these things tonight, partly from my own will to move forward, and partly from the genuine curiosity, of hidden natures. There's never a clearer day, than as language, becomes utilized to banish mystery. So, going now, into the future, I carry with myself, three or four, new clues, or dismissals, of my own private darkneses. See? I might not would have arrived upon these things, had I not written, and thereby solved, upon my

mysteries. By putting these things on the page, we become part owner, and participant, in a world of enlightened beingness, that is every new day. And, thru this we dismantle, the power of fear, and superstition, over ourselves... this is our our human capability.

## **ON COMPASSION**

WHEN ONE SITS DOWN, TO WRITE, well... there may be no one 'thing' which he or she wants to write about. No, the thoughts, which begin appearing, are kind of like, a function, of ones moment... expressed thru his or her changing, morphing awareness. I reference, the past... and the present, in charting, the

waters of my *future*. (A written article, goes with me, across time, into the future. Others, too, may read, or see it.) So, one is creating, the fabric, or lens, through which he or she looks upon his or her, future. I want, to show love, for myself... I resist, those areas, with which I would struggle. I am weighing, words, as I write. So, this is just, the most considered part of my day. And thru this inner weighing, of forms, I just always, find myself in a better emotional state, than had I not written at all. For, each symbol placed upon the page, is such an affirmation, of my life ways. I am someone, who has an expressive talent... there are just those times, when I lean, to self expression. So, isn't it

kind of something, how a book will write itself, on some level. I may not like, every aspect of my expressions, today... it is only what I keep, over time, and like in some way, which I identify with. So, there are those writings, which I feel, are not restful, to read... for me, whatever it is about it, makes me not like it, as much. But I do, file it. Finding perspective, can mean a lot. But I think, a lot of times, artists, musicians, writers... struggle with self-generated darkneses... things and art, which, when seen in the light of other works, seem useless. So, rather than be this way, I've tried, to walk the middle ground... I think you'll find in these things, a real contentment, amongst itself. And this is



surely a good thing, to know. So, I'll draw from classical imagery, and motifs, before I will express the glitches, of life. Because, I like the way classical art feels. And even in this day of pop culture, and free expression, I think these things have a place. *But that's just art!* This world is full, of the quiet, the soft, and yeilding. That's water, for instance. Now, I'm thinking, of how, I might be flexible, and yeilding... Because, I recollect, a truth, hereupon: As one leans to inaction, and passiveness... and holds to, the feminine role, in art... he or she, begins to resonate with, and attenuates with, the vast, the oceanic, within. And this becomes, a store of compassion...

compassion, as it is expressed, takes the form of, nurturance. And, this is how I would consider myself, at best. So, isn't it good to know, that this principle, is always within ourselves... as living itself sometimes challenges us, in some ways, we instinctually fall back upon, our wellspring, of compassion, and self-nurturance. So, this can be how, weakness, equates to, or implies strength.

~

In looking within, now, I hope to articulate, the phantoms, which chase the boundaries of my mind, lately. How might, I allow these things to flow, onto

the page... how might I set forth a handhold. If my mind, feels some distraction, or if I think some light, into the corners, could be good, then I feel my way through these areas, and place thoughts, upon the page. Sometimes, my mind feels somewhat amorphous, or undefined... writing, then... expressing myself, lets me project, these shadows, downward onto my page... sort of like with a stencil... I can color them in, in a while. There is little, lacking for certitude... already, this day, I have considered, how, in truth, these are profound, yet simple, sentiments, today... very little doubt. Probably, it is as if there are aspects of my psyche, which are yet, still, arranging themselves,

composing, and patterning, into the definite, images, and motifs... which can be translated onto the page. The vague, the indefinite, or inarticulate... Maybe, then, today, I might place myself, into an writers mode, a receptiveness, to the ideal... this is my hope. How does one describe light, that which one adores? Light is... a beacon... upon a coast, a light on a hill, sending travellers, safely around the rocks. How, then, does one be a beacon, or lighthouse? In asking such a question, one then sees the answer. In reaching for ideals, we trace the dimensions... or universality, of the mind... and become as one, with something so much greater, than ourselves, alone. For by fusing, amongst

a classic way, or *modus operandi*, a receptiveness... then, the motifs we show forth, show themselves, charged, with mystical powers... and we then become a vessel... a medium, for accessing higher knowledges. I find this thru writing... its crucial to know, that one isn't shedding, higher minded impressions, from off of the self... no, he or she is but becoming receptive, as they may flow inward, when the heart is attuned, amongst itself, and its environs. So, it's not, the generating, of anything new, the writer does... it is the accessing it... from the universal background, or getting the radio, on the clearest signal. Because, just below the surface, of this, the mundane existence... are the realms,

of subspace, out of sight, and, I believe, dwelling forever, within every singular point... the fantastic zero point field... this which, simply, we have to get a grip upon... get in sync with, resonating, with this the Mother Earth... our singular home in the heavens. This inner mother, will nurture, lift up, enliven, inspire... delight... even guide, us, as we become receptive, to her more idealistic, references. Nature, is the healer. So, getting back to being a beacon... I know, beyond doubt, when writing is happening. As we grow, we must find something, whether its writing, or radio, or scrapbooking, or software design... when we know, its happening. Its classic. Its resonant, with the well, of antiquity,

tuning in, as it arises, from thru ones fingertips, upon a keyboard, or piano, or canvas, or console, or from the tip, of ones ballpoint pen, on a page. I find these thoughts, so inspiring in themselves... and I now know, what is called upon thru myself... the will to *be my own mother*. To, take life, by the hand, first standing alongside myself... taller, stronger, better... and gradually, learning, to chart, the stronger course, the truer path. And by showing forth, a constancy, in living, sometimes, this will be just enough, for my ways, to be a bit better, stronger, to find, what good may come.

~

As I sit down again, tonight, I am drawn back to the blank page. I wonder, what might be forthcoming? I look within... and begin to digest, my present. I feel pretty good tonight... having been under the weather, lately, I'm glad to get a free evening... free from the encroachment, of empty space. Within myself, I feel a nice harmony, of magic... and time... my senses are clear... yet, the skin, about my mouth, ears, eyes... is growing conscious, of a kind of a multi-hued, dust-shrouded, tactile massage... a closeness, to Earth-time. I am allowed, now, a thorough-going approach, a considered writing process. For, I dare not venture, haphazardly, onto the



written page. I am so often, conscious of other realms... this, perhaps earthly, writers mind... so much akin to, trees... in a forest... as sometimes, there are roots... vines... spore... bark, arising forth from the mists, about myself, which rests, like a thick blanket, hugging the cool, damp ground, clinging to my shoes, and climbing my legs... These things, are earth elements... they have grabbed, and held on to my life, for years. As a gentle, but firm reminder, of the immense mystery... the vast powers, found of the earth, this great planet... the great mindfulness, she asks of us. People, are alone, on the Earth, perhaps, in our ability to fashion and use, tools. The human kind... do we, have a

'system supremacy,' over the organisms in our solar system? Perhaps, as organic, bi-peds, (in Gods image,) this gives us relative cachet, in this region. We have a definite range which extends to all of the other planets. We should eventually have colonies on the Moon, Mars, and maybe Venus... I mean, that should not be too hard. We are, a burgeoning planet, with such threats as global instability, worsening climate issues, mass-extinctions may already be beginning to occur. So, for you or I to really be able to keep our footing, in a time like this, is pretty amazing. But I think, so many of societies travails, come from an misunderstood desire, to be closer to the divine... or of the

mysterious union with the whole, or to push outward ...properly grasped, this can be the ability to escape the confines of Earths gravity, and space travel. But in the arts, those inner tendencies, like a misplaced transcendence, peoples occasional ways, of having a reach, which exceeds the grasp... require one to 'know the moderate,' in everything literary, or artistic... in this way, he avoids loosing his or her footing. Knowing the moderate... although the doorway, to this path, is very narrow, the way is broad... sincere, and full of heart. To acquire, this realm, and freely dance, in the intellect, the collective mind, is seen as one of the highest aspirations, of the soul. Might I then, express my

gratitude... simply, at the careful  
stewardship, needed to bring me  
through, my 'change years,' my 'proto-  
maturity.' One seeks, higher love, that  
which alone, transcends the dark wood  
of time, and elevates, to the stars... he  
or she, is then perpetually chosen,  
altered forth, from the crude stone,  
into a true, beautiful form, of  
proportion, and shape. I know, these  
things instinctually. It is yet, the  
expressing, of them, which takes effort.  
So, while I may be alone, in writing these  
words, tonight, there may be others,  
sharing these perceptions... this patch of  
ocean surface. This will be a component  
of time and space... a figment, of  
Source... the evolution of community, and

culture. And, there are other things, I have seen recently, or could share... but, I guess, I hold back... for I can't much tend, the mind of another... I would but suggest, a commonality. People, move in masses. No man, is an island, unto himself alone. Where one is weak, another may be strong. So, life goes on... and on, far beyond the dilemmas of any particular sub-psyche.

~

For one such as myself, some days just lend themselves to writing... at this present, I haven't much of an idea, yet perhaps, by taking a few minutes, covering some time, on the written page,

I might better see what is beneath the  
surface, now.

Starting out, writing, I'll place a few  
words, upon the page... and see, then,  
what they contain. As a person goes  
about to look within the psyche, and sort  
through, his or her feelings, he  
inherently, looks within. The ways, one  
interacts with his or her mind, can be a  
lot like how his or her mind, interacts  
with him. Me, myself, and I... I, and my  
mind... and the flow of moments.

Different ideas, yet one being. See?  
Being, of ones own mind... seeing the love  
for the self. Being, then, where you  
are. I find, then that my questions, are  
fewer. I think, it's most important,  
then to see, the love, for ones own self...

Years, spent learning, changing,  
growing... sorting out the mysteries, of  
living. So, I am glad, then, to find these  
things, today. The mind, is just all about  
relationships... finding patterns, and  
meanings. One thing, can have more than  
one meaning. It is the accessional  
powers, of the spirit, which lets me see,  
the lands, of motifs, and symbols. So,  
then, the priceless privelage of living...  
entertaining, amongst the lands, of the  
angels... the immortals... we're blessed,  
in every way, each day. I give these  
ideas, now, to the page, and trust, they  
have helped you. And I feel, now, as if  
I've progressed... a few steps, along my  
path... into my future. And, paths,  
across the future, are all around us. So,

I forward this to yourself.

## PROGRESSIONS

WHEN I SIT DOWN, WITH PAPER  
AND PEN, I sort of tune out, my  
external senses... and begin thinking,  
more in terms, of a flow, onto the page...

I step into, my own mind. Letters,  
words, lines of thought... paragraphs...  
these things, are born of a *sequential*  
*momentum*... one thing, leads to another,  
and I have another essay. That which  
flows, logically, or makes good sense,  
joined up with other similar ideas. So,  
this momentum... if I didn't just know a  
language, then the written thoughts,  
wouldn't come for me. So, it's the same,



for anything... having a skill-set, or vocabulary... one also, has a pallette, of expressive possibilities. We dwell, within a progression, of beingness... years, gradually flow... moments, hours, days.... weeks, months... it just makes sense, to keep good notes.... handholds, and step-stones, along a foot path. 'Now

I might find proof, of space-time dimensions....' ones now, is just the beginning, of that within which we dwell.

*The flow, of time.* I guess, at this present time, I reach for, ideas... about the future... at the very least, this writing is a lasting, thing. So, there is this assurance, of continuum.... my ephemeral visions, are just a bit more, pronounced.... (I feel a bit like a ghost.)

In reflecting, upon thoughts of the now,  
there's a solidity, and permanance, to  
the present... and more so, as my day has  
progressed. The shifts, and settlings, of  
the geophysical dimension... have been  
seen, at times, to equate to pressures,  
and energies, within... even though, I  
might not have been directly affected...  
these things still, have ways, of holding  
sway... as we find pressures, on the  
psyche, these can order, and delineate,  
the days.... lending the sense, of a tactile  
definition, and shape, to the mind...  
coloring, and stimulating, ones thoughts...  
Yet, amidst these things, I feel fine...  
however, sometimes a bit overwhelmed...  
by now, I'm sure of this.... future  
geological shifts, and settlings, cause

uncertainty, in present times, and this can bring on psychic distress, about my face area.... the areas around, my eyes, mouth... ears, too.. and this can prove experiential, of itself. But when, physically, I feel fine, I have to think the day, the time, must be alright. A willingness to write, on these things, to me, is just a great sign. I am completely fine, with smiling, today, or its a good day... Writing is an indicator, of nice feelings. I show, things like this, to myself.... I illuminate, the now, for myself. So I scan, back across these words, now. I like, when I feel 100% alright... when my mind, is transparent.... when, there's just little mind... and I'm more, tuned in, to surroundings... yet, in

writing an article, I do, tend to disconnect, from the mundane; I'm in my element. So, how, do these thoughts bear resemblance, to others which have gone before? Or how might, this article flow, into other writings, in time? So, I am cohesive, within the present time... and finding a connectivity, with future thoughts. While, we don't always have, information, needed to complete our puzzles... one can know, the truth is out there. No matter what the nature of the experience... there will always, be underlying causal factors. I think that this, is far and away, the most pronounced, aspect, of this earthly present. Feelings can range, from a sort of differential, upon ones mind... the

sense of a boundary, or a point, around which, there's a zone, of energy...

another way, of seeing this, is as a tactile, sensation... I find, on days like this, the tangibility ranges, are really, then, around my five or six cognitive senses- the skin surface, about these regions... and tending to bear down, on my sixth sense... last night, it occurred to myself, that my mind, is like an inner weather vane, or just a sense, which fluctuates, from day to day, relaying astral data... the present climate... whatever astrological, or geological, or cultural, features, are ordering the time, in the present. Recently, I have seen, too, that sometimes even some happenstance, in the weather areas... a

rainstorm, or cold front... a cyclone, a typhoon... these things sometimes, tip over, some threshold, of my sixth sense. So, I often, am decyphering, my inner senses... yet, I don't really think of myself, as 'psychic,' in the common sense of the word. (So, if you ask me, how it looks, pertaining to that which logically, can't be discovered... I'll dodge the question, or look, instead, say, to media trends, or human behavior, and place interpretation, upon that level. But, there will always be, that which cannot be known, or spoke of, knowledgeably... really, so I try to stay upon firm footing.) Winter into spring, spring into summer... summer, into autumn, and again into winter... these

constants always, have things to relay, to myself... Sense impressions, and quality of thought, arising from from my within... quality of thought... is the time restful, and fulfilling, on one or more levels? Then, my thinking, will be more cogent, less scattered, or confused. For, a person, like myself... I tend to distance, or space myself, a bit, from the present... I can do this, through showing myself, a better image-set, than I might find, from a random sampling, of the network media offerings. And, I'm more of a reader... you can find me, at most times, with a book, and listening to music. I take it slower... I like more control. And, writing, can be a good expression, of this. As a personal

empowerment... so, too, today's writing,  
forms a continuum, joining past,  
present, and future... a placement, within  
the now... a grounding, within a broader  
patch, of time, than this day, alone, of  
itself. When I feel, as if my quality  
time, is wearing thin, I'll write... it's  
something I can call upon, when answers,  
are few... that which is, upon the page...  
this proves, a newness, a real lasting  
wonder, from within the present... where  
there might have been more disquiet, or  
distraction, previously.

~

I am one of the fortunate, who have a  
backyard where I stay... I like having a



breeze upon my skin surface, my face area, especially. This brings, a more pronounced connection, to a larger environment, than I would find in an enclosure... and if I look very much into the gentle breezes, I might even garner impressions, of a weather system... as well as the warmth of the day... so, surely, then such writing, is informed, on some level, by a somewhat larger, patch of existence, than I would get indoors.

So, seeing, then, these things, is encouraging, for one as myself... well, basically, such is a welcome change of scenery, and environmental consciousness, then, can be treated as a topic, unto itself. I think, the times of when I was between age range of seven

and fifteen, years, a period of experiential roving, through the pastures and woods, where I grew, do indeed, today, allow myself, an overall ease, in conceptualizing, thoughts of a naturalistic sort. So, and I guess, I will always, feel a measure, of insularity, from enclosed spaces. I might, be content to stay indoors, for lengths of time, but my overall well being, is raised, more, by spending at least an hour, or two outside, each day. I like having amenities close at hand, but when the suns out, I'll generally trade my comforts, for the trees, fauna, and breezes, not to mention the sunlight. When one goes to write, spontaneously, more or less without set ideas, or topic...

there is nonetheless, a form he or she is following. Most times, say, 15 years ago, ten years back, I would sit to write... but

I hadn't really the indrawn self awareness, I do today, and hence would not really be conscious, of subtle feelings, around and about, my center of being. For it is this self awareness, which is usually so pronounced, today... I have really, come down, to the very basic level, of the writers art. I look, from within... I find the sensation ranges, around my nose, eyes, ears... have so very much to say to my self... have I the point of concentration, to describe, the inner realms. So, and today, this comes naturally... I dwell within, my inner self, and am usually keenly aware, of the

psychic sensations, around these areas. So, I value, most any perception, of my interior realms, pretty much the same as any other perception, from my within... the sense of my mind, is so much like a field... and this comes out, more, as I write. So, getting oriented, to stimuli from the natural world, leads me to reflect, upon my own ideals... I seem to really draw more, from ecologies, because these things, are most predominately, of a cyclic nature; the seasons alone, confirm as much... light and dark, of a day, or a night; animals haven't electricity or running water, as we do... cycles, and rhythms of nature, have such direct effect, on the animals. Squirrills, birds, probably don't even

cognize, a cold or hot temperature... they just respond instinctively, and get themselves warmer, or colder in temperature, if they are too hot. The natural environment, I think, is so forward, for smaller animals. Really, smaller climate sensitive animals, would just be so affected, by weather. They would have, I guess, a narrower habitat range, than a larger, fleshy animal might.

I just think that natural species, are always, coming and going, northward, or south... to conform, to temperature, and moisture needs... so some will migrate...

they just roam. And people, are like this, in some ways. Most days, I just respond, like a computer... I recognise the value, or virtue, of a behavior, like

writing... and some days I will respond, to the feelings of the day, by writing... I put my thoughts, upon the page, today, for the greater perspective, this can afford myself. I see the rewards, of writing, and I do so. As I am more or less here, from day to day... some days, more than others... I will assert, myself into this present day... so I don't feel as much like a ghost, or figment. Then, by doing such, there's so much pride... there's, perhaps, a new sprout, or leaf, on the tree of this website... the interior architecture, of my life. Another chapter, has opened, or closed. The world, is such an imposing place, to be all of the time... the best I can do for myself, really, is to give myself, things I

can call my own. And if writing and music, helps me to feel more of a sense of security... then I'll create, because, nature, of herself, is so governed, by entropy, decay, and chaos. I gravitate, to the natural world, at times, because, I yet, perceive aspects of culture, within communities of animals... she's as much a messenger, of cycles, and change, as people are. And animals, can be so spirited... nature, is such a dancer, unto herself, and I like the contrasts and harmonies I as a person find therein.

~

When, one goes to divine, upon the page, or canvas, there's usually not very much

doubt, as to that which to write.  
(Sometimes, however, the process is a more of a consciously considered one: some areas of thought, almost always, sit well.) But in *this* present, I just allow my fingers to move over the keyboard, and I just look upon, these flows, and rhythms, of words, onto the page... and without any real expectations, or qualifiers, topically. 'I know, there is excellent writing, beneath the surface.'  
(And, so I know, I'll be pleasantly surprised. So, nice, pleasant future, within this article.) So, then... one tends to place, his or her self, into an orientation, to his or her words... the feelings, which they bring on... so, one connects, with the present, thru his or



her words, and is now un-bound, from the shackles, of the day, into an functioning writer. So, ones orientation to the words, on the page... is this, an aspect... unto itself... and if so, the words, and the resultant feelings... has the art, of writing, today, been, or is it being, a positive, or a negative experience. Because, as one might can imagine, he or she, wouldn't write, words like... 'right now, I feel good, or bad... ecstatic... or withdrawn,' without the language, of... 'writing these words, now, makes me feel good, or bad...' one sets forth, then, a duad... or 'I write, therefore I feel better,' See? Sort of brings to mind, the antiquated quote, 'I think, therefore I am.' I guess, in other

words, sometimes, some days, I don't really exist, much, unless I write, or express myself, outwardly... contrasting being, with non-being, in the process. I don't really, have to think, too hard, now, to see this... that my words, on the page, seen from the kind of overview, which some days, can bring on, generally out-shine, my own self-ness... or without, actively writing, today, I myself, am more, a figment, of some other persons retrospect... more existant upon the page, in the eye of the beholder, than inwardly. But, now, I can see, this is just an oxy-moron... to consider, but the truth is, one cannot feel genuinely good, all of the time. Sometimes, I feel generally bad. Perhaps, one could see,

living itself, seems to out-mode, myself...  
the ever-changing tapestry... so if I  
hadn't the interface... during these, the  
living years... I'd soon, be lagging...  
unpleasant days, would probably  
outnumber, the good, or the ideal. And,  
I don't really like, seeing this, yet I  
show myself, anyway, since living, is  
inherently, an imperfect proposition... or  
I would choose, to negotiate, my own  
imperfections... an admission, of a  
vulnerability... this is difficult, but can  
be a welcome thing. Perhaps, by the  
establishing, of a relationship... ones  
words, to ones feelings, this can then,  
allow, him or her, to so to speak, get a  
handle, upon his article... and begin, then,  
to become more specifically observant,

of his or her feeling ranges. So, and perhaps, this is the foremost worth, of writing... the internal palate, of feelings, and expressive portent... looking within, this area, speaks of a great kind of gracefulness, given, of a grace, to be sure, and is richly rewarding, philosophically. There is a world, of feelings, within the mind... as one begins to place names, and metaphors, to the reaches, of the within... whether tactile, or more like an energy... all these places, can have a solid place, on the written page. Today, I look back, and see books, delved, from out of the feelings, and landscapes, the interior horizons, of the within. And, this is inherently, rewarding. But before, I can

place words, to feelings, I like,  
sometimes, to just sample, the  
relationships... words, now, to feelings...  
is the sense of this, immediate, or just  
more distant. As my sixth sense, shows  
me ranges of feelings within, some days,  
my relationship, to this sense, is narrow,  
or immediate... other times, this sense,  
is more recessed, or distanced. And of  
course, this is neat, to see... I then will  
take, what meanings I may, from seeing  
this. Do I feel, old, or new... or then,  
just where does it hurt... past, present,  
or future. And concurrently, to these  
perceptions... this writing... is it cogent...  
these words, are they willing, to come  
onto the page... or no, or is getting along,  
easy, or more positively challenging. And

in the course, of seeing all this, perhaps, an secondary, or seemingly un-related, perception, may show up... or more or less so, and I weigh things, in general. So, writing, is an awesome, and a very important facet, of my life... and perhaps, hadn't I the sure grasp, upon my own sanity, as I do, or like to say, I do, I'd really, be at a loss. Still other times, writings, will come more, or less easily. As a great perception, in the now, having re-read these words, I think, the writers ways, of forming affirmations, of freedom... 'establishing ones self, as a free thinker,' this can be a great boon, for, the ways of ones inner life, can mirror, ones words, upon the page. So, ones mind, seems to follow, words, onto

the page... we can, transform, our subtle self-perceptions, at play within the whole, thru being willing, to leap, from the stable footing. Seeing, then, too, a way, to feel better, about my self... this is in keeping, with my wholistic views. And, in light, of the stressors, of my present day, today, this takes on additional meaning. So, then, too, hereupon, I find, a great sense of wonder... 'What really, is that which forms my stressors?'... The appearances, of a day, might in no way, match the reality, of the day, and time. While I don't always, perceive, from surface appreciation, of a day... perhaps, thru writing, the terracing, of my mind, into a nearness, and distances, of

information... a subtle differentiating, of the grey area, on the page... and same writings, gradual life, into the future... I see, I have more than one means, at my disposal, for divining, and illumining, facets of my life, and time. So, sure. When I save, and keep, an article, and integrate it with other recent thoughts... this forms, a stratus, of ongoing, or interest... sometimes, really, I just like to keep busy... my mind prefers, an active mode... to the purely passive. These two ways, can really be like night, and day. My reflective self, might be generally submerged, in a 'dark night,' but as I find a window, or opening, into an active turn, at the word processor, sunlight streams in... golden



rays, quite predominately, then... so one could see, I tend to connect, my dots... moving from active 'island' to 'island,' in an ocean of rather impossible, shadows, and immenseness. So, these are but a few, of the more visible, thought currents, afore my perceptions, in writing today. So, I pass them along, to you, tonight, and trust, you will have found your own harmonies, within these gentle things.

## **PERSPECTIVES**

WHEN ONE GOES TO LOOK INTO his or her within, he is looking upon at least three real dimensions... past, present, and future. Grace, onto the page, is

intrinsic, to writing, I don't have to think much, before I see, that everything we experience, across our lives, flows, directly, or indirectly, from the within... there's an aspect, of rhythm, and fullness, that gets ones foot tapping... it's catching... it wants gradually, to flow outward, in concert with the flow of moments... the progression, of beingness. Earlier in writing, I had conjectured, that wholistic, selves, are sort of like, expressions, of the all, itself... a timeless moment, given life, by union of ones parents... perhaps, the ground of being, which gives all breath... is an all-encompassing, expression of bliss, and contentment, within and amongst, the

physical cosmos. an ongoing expression of unity? For, this is space-time. We, as people, are usually more conscious, of manifestations, of outward, phenomena... however, the intangible realms... that which is within, our minds, within, our physical forms... are, perhaps, no less real, than that which can be perceived, by the five senses. The patterns, rhythms, and constants, which make up our living experience, seem so much, to be rooted, or grounded, within... expressing outwardly... cycles and rhythms found, perhaps, on both exoteric, and esoteric levels. I ponder, at this blending over, from our subpsyches, of distinct rhythmic processes, such as our breathing... isn't

the breath... indrawing... out-breathing,  
indrawing... ever so rhythmic, and  
timely... a concession, to greater  
cosmological cycles... all of the orderly  
workings, of inertia, within space...  
gravitational attractions, tending to hold  
moving bodies, into circular patterns. I  
am completely convinced, that the  
intangible, reaches, which we sense  
within our minds, and subconscious, are,  
realistically, the very source, or ground,  
of all, which are like light, and energy...  
motion, and flow... rhythm, and  
harmony... *the human perspective, allows  
us to sift thru, manifestations, and  
bring order, from out of chaos. So, we  
think of ourselves, as having a physical,  
as well as spiritual life... ones breathing,*

is an outward suggestion, of the higher, planes, or dimensions, of this, the ground of being... like the orderly constants of the sun, moon, and stars. So, rhythmic expression... and the transcendent, timeless sense, we get, having conscious awareness... that which is within our minds... such as our breathing.... these are really two expressions, of one gradual, universal unfoldment... this multi-dimensional cosmos. *We identify, more or less, with our breathing.... the surface appearance, which quite naturally, and ordinarily, signifies the sort of a shore, where subconscious, meets conscious. From within this outward, rhythmic expression, we find patterns, which suggest the natures and*

beings, of our whole selves... our thinking  
brains... our minds, and culture... flowing  
from the within.... constantly  
replenishing, our physical bodies, with  
oxygen, nutrients, and all of the  
components, of this biosphere, here on  
Earth, which we need to keep, and  
sustain life. Planets spin and pivot, along  
cyclic patterns. The basic forces,  
gravity, inertia, and entropy, are  
appearances, or aspects, governing the  
physical cosmos. So, it's easy to see,  
that our in breath and out breathing,  
suggests that rhythms, and cycles, are  
component, everywhere within this  
multi-dimensional universe. So, while, I  
am cognizent, of the transcendent,  
timeless sphere, I really think, we need

higher brain or intellect capacity, to realise social order... to bring about the control, over nature, which allows for advancement. And establish a common harmony, within our culture. And we people are ideally suited for this. So, perhaps, the appearances, of rhythmic patterns, flowing from the subconscious, or inward lands, such as our breathing...

this suggests an orientation, to an unified, field... our placement, here on this sphere. Life on this planet, is suited, for life, partly because, of the outward expressions, of cyclic and rhythmic patterns, and harmonies. If our selves, weren't in sync, with the encompassing, and inward, rhythms, and patterns, and constants, imagine how

different, living would become... there just wouldn't be the handholds, the footpaths, setting forth, our direction, and suggesting a lasting flow. So, I think, this is why, talk of seasonal, or astrological cycles, is inspiring to myself... I want to grab on, and hold onto, sensing and experiencing, larger rhythms... for this is just an empowerment, as frequently, I do not understand, just what may be the origins, of my interior phenomena, and sensations.

~

As one sits down, to sift thru his or her present moment, many paths may be



taken. There are those times, when one feels, more or less submerged, in the feelings, of the day... it can help, then, to write, for, this seems to help one, distinguish, vagaries, from actual feelings. There's usually, not much of a block, between myself, and the page... while there might have been, ten years ago, today, I find, a sort of a willingness, of my mind, to write, as I approach, the task, of writing. So, then, sure, I just have to say, it becomes clear, am I more or less muddled... or distracted... it can help, to find the concise, leading edge, of the thoughts, of today. I reference, U.F.O. lore, more or less, for my own benefit. This is a structure, bearing resemblance to a belief system, which, I

find, has seemed more or less appealing, for a number of years, of my recent life.

As, the reader will understand, directions of thought, can be like a fashion, which comes and goes, as times change. I think, people, are approached, by differing schools, and traditions, of mind, and have been, since time immemorial. So, as people, are in one development, of evolvment, or another, differing interior, theories, hold sway... and so, we now, find libraries, containing documentary evidence, which stretches back, into antiquity. I think, with the emergence, of pop culture... wherein, 'here today, gone tomorrow,' takes on meaning, I think, writers, musicians, graphic designers, just the range of

media culture, participants, relay  
personalised visions, of, a sort of  
transient art form... those real  
creations, which live, for a while,  
undergoing vast exposure, to the  
challenges, and excesses, of fame... I  
think, the E.T. stories, reflect, at the  
core, a sort of shamanic, or visionary,  
conveyance, of the inherent human  
condition... experienced, from an hyper-  
exposed perspective. Can one see, here,  
that modern mans predicament, rests,  
partly, within the minds, and  
experiences, of those ones, who would  
choose, to put thoughts together, on  
lasting media... forwarding, to a vast,  
often hyper-critical audience, the simple  
potions, keepsakes, divinations,

sometimes opinions, answers...  
questions... many questions, perceived  
within the individual perspective. So,  
inner experiences, range the spectrum.  
Those ones, who are touched, by ufology,  
might well be, more or less participants,  
in these worlds, of mystery, imagination,  
and experience. This doesn't make  
anyone, more or less vulnerable, to  
intrusion, from beyond. They do,  
however, speak, in part, to the human  
issues, brought forth, within, this world  
of instantaneous communication, and  
mass-marketing. So, this, really, is my  
personal perspective. While, I have  
never been physically contacted, by  
aliens, I find the story itself, so  
relevant, to this, my own living

experience. Whether, or not, my experiences are like anothers... there have been numerous portrayals, of these experiences, and beings, in the past 50 years... during which, the rise of consumerism, and mass communication, has seemed to reach full expression. However, I myself, do not think, that this, in itself, is the last word, on the meaning of the U.F.O. phenomenon. The stories and visions relayed by anamolous experiencers, tell one, really universal story... self-transformation. I have been touched, by anamolous experiences, since my later teenage years. It has only been, in light, or consideration, of these experiences, that I have begun writing, more and more often. Ordinary people,

sometimes find themselves catapulted,  
into an experiential universe, beyond  
their immediate control, or  
understanding... this is an aspect of the  
human condition. Sometimes, I have  
thought, a genetic predisposition, will  
act out, and a person, will find, then,  
they must, then struggle, for years...  
mental illness, doesn't ask, first. People,  
must become healers... of themselves, of  
others... such is the nature of existence.  
Now, see the larger picture. This Good  
Earth, is alive. I think, she really has her  
own messengers, and emissaries...  
delved, perhaps, from the aeons old local  
galaxy culture. How we relate, or fit in,  
to the whole... one, I feel wants to have  
appreciation, for how he or she relates

to others... with the issues facing mankind, presently, I don't think it is improbable, that we have been taken, under the wings, of a truly cosmic, stewardship. Our galaxy, is one of tens of millions... how can we possibly, rationally think, that this planet, is an island, unto itself... and that we have any inherent more right, to live irresponsibly, than any other creation, or life form, in this Universe. All, of us, here, are, whether or not we realise it, at one or another stage, beings, citizens, of the Universe. We are perpetually enfolded, within the arms, of that which we can't possibly hope, to ever understand. Yet, we are granted, freedom, to remain receptive, to all that

the great beyond, should show us. I think, we have every power, to be responsible citizens, so far as we are able, to be receptive, and discerning, to inner subtleties. So, does one see, then, E.T., is a perhaps, outward flower of the digital age, perhaps, solely intent, on bringing ourselves, into harmony, and symphony, with that within which we are forever enfolded. Those who would speak, of such things, are participants, within a faith... a perhaps, privileged, crowd, yet one, with every reason, and cause for being, today. These experiences, are reflective, of a broad range, of human concerns, not the least of which, are those questions, brought about, by the harnessing of the atom, in



the early part of previous century...  
other concerns, are the by-products, of  
industrialism... how do we dwell, safely...  
efficiently... responsibly... upon this  
planet, in a sustainable mode... I might  
look to the stars, to find, syllogisms, of  
today's world. And become as far-  
sighted, as I will allow... and this is  
perhaps, an, expansion, of mankind,  
beyond the confines, of this home  
planet's gravity, into wherever, our  
spirits might lead us.

~

When one goes to discern, where he or  
she is at... what emotional locale, he is in,  
he places his fingertips upon his

keyboard to see just what is the feel of placing thoughts onto the page. This is an art, and one always, finds subtleties, pertaining to where his or her mind has arrived, in space-time. Experiential material, from ones receding past, resides just around the boundaries, of my conscious awareness. I have developed, an ever-changing mode, of getting the *internal radio*, tuned into, my subconscious mind. I think, that the art of writing, itself, brings forward, a more of a resonance, with ones subpsyche... he learns the ranges, and styles... the shades of color, which his or her better half... exhibits. And begins to interact, with feelings... on lasting media. In so far, as he has fully experienced life, he

has more or less insight, into the morphing, changing pallatte, of hues, which inform, his consciousness, much like the mood ring, he remembers seeing, or having, as a child. So, ones feelings, take on semblances, and he or she employs his associative strength, and flexibility, which for myself, has come, more or less fully, from my readers life... for myself, I don't ever really learn, a thing, unless I can actually participate, within my comprehension, of it... language symbols, like the alphabet, and vocabulary, which one learns, thru reading... are all little energy hyper-links... they tie in to the etheric plane, more or less directly... meanings, symbols, metaphors, archetypes... myths,

and lore of all kinds, are brought to life,  
so much, by information contained,  
within the words we use, to  
communicate. And by getting ones  
conscious effort, involved, in the  
release, from the surface of the page,  
and comprehension of, information, thru  
reading... I think, it is then, more readily  
retained. I think in film, and  
photography, information also, is  
conveyed... the trade-off, seems to be,  
that it leaves more, or less, to the  
imagination. But not all television, is  
passively enjoyed. (You might have to  
stretch your mind, a bit, to grasp it, or  
else pay very close attention.) Yet I  
always, would give a book, to a child, as a  
gift... even more, than an audio CD. Kids

learn, about real life, thru being taught to read, and reading. And having real books, to look at, while growing... this is the main way, to increase vocabulary. While I don't always see, just where I am, emotionally, from just sitting... listening to music, I'm so much more intimately, present in a time, when I am able to write, and read, my own 'signs,' on the page. This is, really, like a third person perspective, as we move along our lives. So, I think, another, might express him or herself, verbally, amongst others, and exchange information, and find this 'third.' When one, is with two or three others, there also are, just beyond, conscious awareness... the higher light and vibrational ranges. So, this is our

assurance... this which I relay. There are those times, when, I really don't feel at all good, unless I am participating, in a practice, or discipline; this, is perhaps, how I find myself, as a writer, tonight.

My mind, feels, often crowded... or claustrophobic... so, I usually will write, when I feel this way. Or, the lights, are too bright... I'm blinded... yet, through writing, I find the sunscreen, I need. Or umbrella. I do believe, that others, will find this, perhaps a bit less so, to be... this claustrophobia. My mind, my deep mind, usually speaks, in riddles, and so forth... while, I may feel less than good, *psychically*, my emotions, are fine... or, perhaps, I feel somewhat, like a head of cattle, or a horse might... the rancher,

drives me, so to speak, into those places,  
I need to be... my mind usually,  
experiences this in the ever-changing  
view-screen, of my minds eye. So, this,  
maybe, is why a writers inner life can be  
rather turbulent... for the the earth,  
and cosmos, are really no respecter, of  
men. I am but a commodity... or one or  
another *future*, like a harvest, which  
hasn't yet shown to be. So, maybe, a  
good metaphor, for powers of mind,  
interior hierarchies, could be as a *farm*  
*collective*... having relationship, to the  
land. Frequently, my conscious inner life,  
might be more or less, a means, to an  
end... like a completed chapter, in a book,  
or finished presentation. While, I know,  
theres a vast, world, of subtle alchemy,

in the bringing forth, of a completed book, I can't pretend to much insight, here. I can only highlight, the surface features, or that which might well be, literary, or artistic aspirations, might put another, into psychiatric care... without the self-assertion, of writing, the parental artistic role modeling, so many folks, I feel are perplexed, by complex ranges, of psychic inner experiences... one shouldn't be afraid, of writing, or sketching, or expressing himself or herself, onto media... I just always, resolve, these interior crisis, thru channelling them into books. And, these artifacts, then, are mine own, to keep and have... forever.



## ONWARD, AND BEYOND

I THINK, THE PINNACLE, OF MANS accomplishments, so far, resides in our gradual expansions, beyond this planets gravitational field. I can imagine, that our species' intersections, within the greater heavens, have been consciousness raising, for us... Yet, it is thought true, that, we have yet to locate real signs of life, or intelligence, much less civilisation, within the outer space, which we have searched. The universe, about our planet Earth, seems a lifeless void. But, one really, has to dream, in order to perceive that our planet is yet a small speck, and the *complete vastness*

of the heavens, might not have 'noticed,' our planet, as yet... having a sense of spatial distance, isn't easy... an analogy, of just how large, the heavens are, could be seen, in terms, of an audio signal. The larger, the spaces around ourselves, the more persistent, the sound. We are enmeshed, within an electromagnetic tapestry. My meager understanding, of astrophysics, doesn't allow, much comprehension, of true distance, beyond this. So, I had thought, how, 'Time Only, is Immense.' So, and the moment, or the flow, of moments, seems to take the form, of a gradual expansion, outward, upward, and away, from the present time, a sort of a receding, it would seem, into the distance. So,

perhaps, the dimensions, of the universe,  
are a correlate, of its real age. I  
sometimes, feel rather intimidated,  
within my mind.... perhaps, this is the  
virtual perception, brought about, by  
knowledge, of the universe beyond. As  
we have ventured, into the spaces  
around our planet, we have placed men,  
on the moon... we have sent space  
probes, soaring actually, into interstellar  
space. Some, of these missions, have  
been, in effect, 'messages in bottles,'  
and hence, this which we perceive, as a  
sort of imminence, or roar, bearing upon  
our minds, are essentially, the very real  
chances, these messages, will one day be  
found, by other species. Our minds,  
convey the almost certain probability,

that, given enough time, some other, perhaps more or less advanced civilisation, (by my standards, anyway,) will indeed discover them. So, as I think, of our relationship, to these beings... (we are already, related to them,) I wonder, what might they think, of ourselves? Perhaps, they are indeed within our very own galaxy. In another, sense, perhaps, we are subconsciously aware, that time travellers, will, eventually, reach our time. See? These might very well, be members, of our own species...

So, this is the living experience, I relay, to yourself. The smiles, and hugs, we share with our fellow beings, are the only real consolation, we may ever find. All of time, is one ceaseless, changing

whole. Moments, here, do not travel backwards. Time, in this universe, moves along... but this is perceived, as a flow of moments, hours, days, years... the events, and happenings, about ourselves, form a progression... thru cognition of these flows, on equal, or greater terms, as the events they contain, our true awareness, of a cosmic consciousness, exerted into miniscule dimensions, like the spaces in a room, on a quiet evening... or thru imagination, of the limitless dimensions, of the cosmos... one can perceive, now, that all life, and matter, is ever-connected, within, one inter-evolving, *universal*, as well as *individual*, flow, of moments. Thru such endeavors as music, and writing, one can gain more

specific understanding, of the realities,  
within and around him, or herself.

~

A writers gift is recollected, as he or  
she recognises, that his living  
experience, would be improved, by  
putting a few words upon the page.  
Often, there will simply, be a sense of  
incompleteness... when a person, has  
begun a discipline, of looking, within  
word symbols, on the page, then, it will  
be as a real kind of personal  
empowerment, such that the quality, of  
writing, is greater, to him, than that of  
not writing. And having pen and paper,  
or a word processor, it's really with

relief, that he begins writing. To myself, now, the pieces of the puzzle, begin to come into place... I sketch out, the interior lands, of the perhaps preceeding weeks. Articles, are written, as the culmination, of sometimes, just months, of inner questing. One, is in no deficit, of source material... as, when once someone learns, to be observant, of both inner and outer realms... he is sorting, and filing, information pertaining to his or her living experience, in this world... being self actualised, can involve, being sentient, and realistic, as one journeys, through life. As one serves his or her own self... he may have his sights set, on the distant goal, of a completed book. So, now, then, one sees, where his

heart, has been. So, I will be in no better mood, in my life, than when I am seeing my own 'subtle lights', come forward... onto the written page. We are all, more than we appear on the surface. And then, what I take, from my writing experience, is the satisfaction, which comes with having met my goal... short term goals, and long term goals. Without the proof, brought forth, by my sub-psyche, and placed, before myself...

I would go on, being wistful, and aimless... drifting, through my life... days would blur, on into years... the impetus, to dream... I bring this largely, from within my own self... following, my parents early role modeling. One doesn't stand still, for long... remaining



too long, in one place, can be like a gradual invisibility... so therefore, I show love, unto my own self... I make, magic, and love. I am really, my own best friend... I need to do this, before I can show love to another. Now, these things, I'm illumining, form this vast land, which for many, goes unspoken... or at the very least, unwritten... but look, now at these thoughts... how else, shall I ever recall the present day, without setting forth, some handhold? But I would suggest, my own thoughts, are sometimes, somewhat diaphrenous... however, this matters little, in looking back, upon a written article. The reader, herself, is the artist... and time, will make an opportunity, within which these small

words, reveal their true light... this is the nature, of being. I am proud, of new writing... in time, I'll give to it, the treatment, it deserves. This, is really, how living, has revealed, the art world, to be... for, the crudest sketching, or collage, when recollected, in a distant future, with the benefits of perspective, and fondness... shines with the golden patina of the years... the multi-faceted glimmers, of distant days. Anyways, that's the theory, guiding, the greatest artistic movements, of the past. And now, I can see, how time, itself, is the palatte... art is as much in the eyes of the beholder, as it might ever be tangibly present, within any golden age. It is really, a process... something, kind

of, only what you make of it. Or, it's in the doing, and receiving, of art, and literature, and music... there isn't really the sublimity of some emotive, or sensory state of mind... there are functioning artists, art in process... like there are bricklayers, or mechanics. One works, then rests. The world, is industrious... this is commodity, or product... art... writing... music, is therefore, rewarding, unto itself. Well, anyways, these are some thoughts, tonight... I trust, you will receive them.

~

I'm going to look, at my now... what might my higher mind, have to say, if

given a voice. So, I am glad, to find this, new writing, on these pages. I can see, now, that regardless of my inner moods...

I may be hoping, to rise above, or make quiet, the waters of my within... (they're tumultuous,) or, there's such a tension headache, around, my consciousness... or, just whatever are, my inner moods...

writing, allows, for such clarity, to shine through, onto the page. Usually, when I write, my mind will show itself, to be 'unvarnished, and lucid...', there's an inner clarity, related to my words, onto the page... that is usually, undiminished, by this or that mood, or emotional level.

Something, I'm very proud of, is the sort of knowing, and self-assurance, which comes with writing. The moment,

I write, or begin to express myself outwardly, onto lasting media... I begin entertaining, more permanance, and place, into the future. There's a peculiar aspect, my mind has developed... perhaps, this is more or less common... there's a place, within, my inner consciousness, where I am allowed insight, into this or that day, or time, beyond myself... while sitting alone, outdoors... or completing this writing, at my desk... is this the past, the present, or the future... or, how do I feel, now? New, or old... I look at my feelings. When, I can express this, in words, which are generally non-referrential, while not slipping into ambiguity... this might could in itself, be considered a

gift. Our inner ears, are so very sensitive... thru keeping ones point of awareness, on the feelings... sometimes harmonies, sometimes tensions... informing, his or her cochlea, or inner ear... the tympanic nerve... one might discern... 'I should place my next footstep, just where, or how... with such a degree, or angle... into my future,' as I navigate along this article, or writing session. Once I place my center of awareness, at the specific area, or zones of psychic tensions... my mind is relaying, presently... It just becomes, more and more like a glad-hearted dance... I feel, my way, down the page, using language... and there's pretty much an inner compass, or more accurately, a

thermonitor, guiding my words. This word choice selection, or that... pertaining to the comfort level, I would go about illustrating... for myself. Language symbols, themselves, form an interface, amongst ones future. 'I know, I will be glad, if I in fact, like this article... I know I will be glad, if I choose to incorporate, it into a larger collection. I know, I will be pleased, also, when I can show, the reader, a new way of looking at something... or please, him or her, in some good way, I can be proud of. I have considered how, as we make our ways along our own personal paths, which ever direction, or field, we are within... if it's writing, or software design, or carpentry... or whatever it is,

we develop a relationship, with our own higher mind... the being above, my self, is mine own self... along my own way, when ones personal life is in order, or more or less so, he or she nurtures, his self... thru participating, in an acceptable interest sphere... I think our higher minds, know just all relevant information, pertaining to our life's ways... when I am receptive, and discerning, within my higher self... then I might put forth, good effort, or work, along, and about, my own path. This is relevant... my *higher mind*, to myself. So, this is just why, I write, or do art, anyway... as I early on, was shown how the relationships, within our lives, are so important... ones practice, or discipline,



then, this allows, the process, of developing the relationship to his or her own self. The 'Golden Rule,' is a practical thought, in living.

## EVENING

SET FREE, THEN, THE INWARD TURNING, onto the blank page. These flows, down the page, are gradually progressive recordings, of subspatial data. These are thoughts, and as a stylus, follows a groove, so do these lines flow, left to right, sequentially, down the page... first to one, and then the next. So, these things are special to see. And, how else, can I document, a feeling, or a mood, without the *recorded flow*. I have

completed, and found closure for, and related, six distinct periods, from my life, onto these pages, in assorted works. My gratitude, is ongoing. Anyways, below the surface, this night, I find these ideas. In capturing, this material, I play the feminine part, staying grounded, within the still center, while answering, those facets, from within, this ever-reflective language-ocean. Nice, to breathe water, for a session... interacting with, and smiling amongst, those great beings, of the earth, and sky, which dwell amongst, the within. This is, to myself, mine own element... I'm in it, at the present, for I indeed, am finding expressive freedom... even while dismissing, image attachments...

the referential tendencies, which can, be re-born. Having freedom, keeping freedom, even beyond the realms, is a mindfulness, process. I appreciate, when relevant information, emerges... such as which allow, observance, of space, and time. Thusly, I keep strong, bonds to freedom. Gracious, simple thoughts, simple ways... approach the universal background, receptively, within a classical grounding, and free-form style, keeping writing simple, and featherweight, thusly, we approach, goals... distant, and long term, or for the now, of today... a cup of coffee, after dinner... and a newly finished article. How glad I am! And rightly. What shall the Equinox bring? Solstice... Spring

Equinox... Summer Solstice, another Autumn... thusly, have the ages, swept past... and, I have absorbed, from an enlightened perspective, for years, now.

Well, now, my own age unfolds, into maturity... mid-life, perhaps ahead. I have found great comfort today, and peace, which comes from an *established contentment*. This has proven, key.

While, the decade of my 20's, found my 'dazed and confused' self endlessly groping, for any light of understanding... today, it's the contentment, I rest upon.

Tonight... world, will take care of itself.

Tomorrow: partly sunny. In dreaming, tonight, I hope to reach, your heart... to lay before you, a thought, through which you might, find inspiration. As I look

upon my feelings, I am reminded of previous times in my life, when I simply felt like, my heart, has much to say... I wish, now, to allow, her to find joy, through myself... it is as if, there are simply places within myself, that I just couldn't hold back, from flowing onto these pages. So, seeing these words, now, I begin, understanding, more of the way my spirit feels. I am filled with love, for myself, who is but human, who wonders, sometimes, at the visions, I see within my minds eye. And now, I recognise, these words... they are those of tenderness, and respect. for myself. Oh, to capture, onto the page... the many ways, my mind feels, today. This writing, therefore, is steeped in hyperbole, the

exaggerated, language, through which, I hope to come to glean, something of my time, tonight. I cling, to the sensibility, which can connect with a reader. I'd rather not, be someone who writes, alone... I would prefer, nowadays, the communion, I find all about myself, to solitude... which alienates, self, from self. I like, to feel the presence, of my own consciousness, comforting, nurturing, guiding myself. It is this intrinsic duality, which I feel, for many, is lacking. I have few needs... save to entertain, myself, this good evening... to bathe in the warm carresses, of my emotive soul... to watch the lights, and impressions, playing upon, my ever-more-sensitive innermost ear... knowing, and

seeing, with my inner sense. I have, for years, been accompanied, on my journeys, by companions... there's a knowing, and self-assurance, which comes from an exalting writers voice... the management, of ecstatic, writings... put forth, for all to see. Just below, the self, there is an slowly swaying sea grass forest... around my bare feet, brush innumerable small fishes- the warmth of the water, blurs the distinction, between self... and sea... I drift, and am moved by currents, within small circular swooshes... as this aquaeous matrix, stirs, first to the right, then the left, lifting myself, shifting my center both upwards, and down. One finds, indwelling amongst, to be restful. I rest within the

arms, of a new day, though it is night.  
There is an earthy glow, within the room,  
giving to the pulled window blinds, a hint  
of brilliance... for beyond, lies the warm,  
singing night... the silvery moon, hangs in  
the sky... the zest, of belonging, is all  
encompassing. I belong, to this night...  
we are friends, and lovers. And when  
morning, duly arrives, I shall be rested,  
and restored... I'll walk upon the  
awakening earth, seeming first, to be in  
one place, then another. This, perhaps, is  
a benefit of maturity... of those graces,  
which bear me, across each passage...  
each new day. Love, will find a way.  
Freedom, will arrive... within the arms, of  
love... the three of us, together form  
one being. And this, then, is how



progress, is accomplished... as slowly  
pass the years. I wonder, always, at the  
ways, my mind has of expressing... is  
this, then, the voices, of a land far  
distant... or nearer, to the sun, in space  
time, than before? Let the reader,  
discern. For always, will there be  
writers... yet readers, like familiar  
friends... know, when writing, is  
stratospheric... one knows ones ranges,  
and styles of expression. Much may be  
said, although only speaking little. I  
would like, to finish this article... so that  
I might see... where my mind and senses,  
have taken myself today. Another, may  
feel similarly... for there are common  
elements, making up, all of existence.  
And, isn't it really these 'universal

familiar,' which begin, each day, with a smile... moving me across these lands, of surety, and clarity. These beings... heavenly beings, smiling upon those of my kind, for the burdens, of existence... enfolding myself, within a sweet comfort, and the kind folds... and habitats, of softest linnen. So, thank you, new day, for these breezes, coaxing me into my full expression... even beyond, the trammels, of mediocrity, and happenstance.